

No. 3.

# The Green Sheaf



1903

LONDON

SOLD BY ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.



# The Green Sheaf

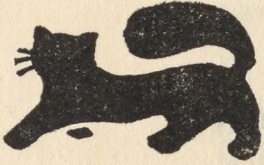


## A MASQUE THE HARVEST HOME DESIGNED AND ARRANGED BY MARTIN SHAW AND EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.



# The Green Sheaf

## THE HARVEST HOME.



THE Ceremony of an English Harvest Home is thus described by Hentzner, who travelled through England towards the close of the 16th century, and published his itinerarium in 1598. "As we were returning to our Inn" (at Windsor) "we happened to meet some country people celebrating their harvest home: their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which they would perhaps signify Ceres; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn."

In the present entertainment the above description is followed with some exactness, though the whole partakes of the character of a Masque. The music is nearly all taken from the most beautiful and in some cases unfamiliar folk music. PURCELL has been drawn upon for a charming country dance, and for the kissing duet.

First we have a procession of harvesters clad in faultlessly correct costumes, who sing their way through the village to the barn with a harvest song. After the ceremony has taken place, they give themselves up to sport and play. Characteristic songs are sung by the various villagers, and the utmost good humour and merriment prevails. For the miller leaves his home by Dee side to sing and enjoy himself, and is not the poacher of Lincoln here telling of "his delight on a starry night?" Then there are the Morris dancers capering about with bells on their legs, and the Hobby Horses with an exact presentment of the dance which took the town and country side by storm in the time of the Merry Monarch,—the Swinging Songs—the Kissing Duets—the Children and their little Maypole—and so on, till you, and the dancers, and singers are tired.

The day's festivities end by a dance in which all join in a rollicking tune called "The King's Jig," the strains of which are heard far away in the distance as the merry makers retire to their homes. The performers number from 30 to 40, and the time taken is about three quarters of an hour, or longer if desired.



# The Green Sheaf

## THE LAMENT OF THE DEAD KNIGHT.

I HEAR my dear Love  
Crying in the North,  
While all the ice-floes lay 'twixt me and her,  
And frozen by her tears I could not stir  
Nor reach my dear Love  
Crying in the North.

I hear my dear Love  
Crying in the East,  
Around her lay long leagues of desert land,  
And I lay buried underneath the sand,  
And could not touch her  
Crying in the East.

I heard my dear Love  
Crying in the South,  
The flowers grew so thick about her feet,  
Blinding me with their perfume sickly sweet.  
I could not find her  
Crying in the South.

I hear my dear Love  
Crying in the West,  
Where the green grass is waving over me,  
But, Oh, her dear, dear face I cannot see,  
Nor kiss my dear Love  
Crying in the West.

*Alix Egerton.*





# The Green Sheaf



## EVENTIDE.

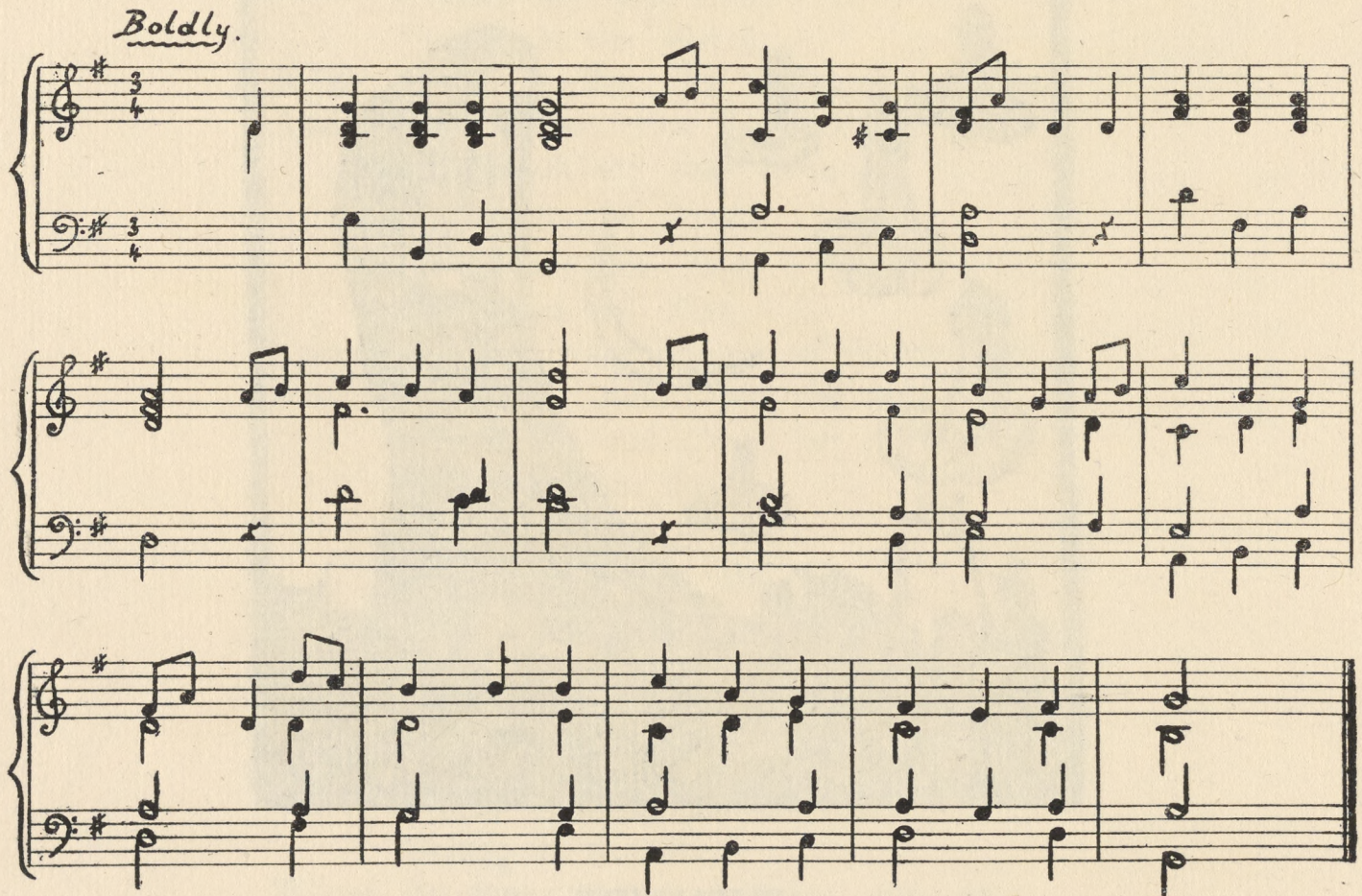
THE lonely path that I would tread  
At night-fall by the pixies led,  
It leadeth to the no-man's land  
Where plighted, linkèd lovers stand :—  
Lips sealing lips, in silence they  
Give ear to what the heavens say :—  
The evening star to setting sun—  
“The day has half its course to run.”

*Ernest Radford.*



# The Green Sheaf

SPANISH LADIES.



*Arranged by Martin Shaw.*





# The Green Sheaf

## SPANISH LADIES.

FAREWELL and adieu to you fine Spanish Ladies—  
Farewell and adieu all you Ladies of Spain—  
For we've received orders to sail for Old England  
And perhaps we shall never more see you again.

*Chorus*—We'll rant and we'll roar like true British Sailors,  
We'll range and we'll roam over all the salt seas,  
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England—  
From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to when the wind was sou'west boys,  
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,  
Then we filled our main-tops'l and bore right away boys,  
And right up the Channel our course we did steer.

*Chorus*—We'll rant and we'll roar—etc.

The first land we made it is known as the Deadman,  
Next Ram Head near Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight ;  
We sailèd past Beachy, past Fairly and Dungeness,  
And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.

*Chorus*—We'll rant and we'll roar—etc.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor  
All all in the Downs that night for to meet,  
So stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,  
Haul all your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

*Chorus*—We'll rant and we'll roar—etc.

Now let every man toss off a full bumper,  
Now let every man toss off a full bowl,  
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy  
In a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

*Chorus*—We'll rant and we'll roar—etc.



*Words and Music given to John Masefield by Wally Blair, A.B.*



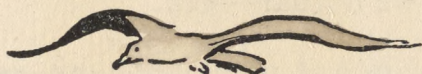
# The Green Sheaf

## RECONCILEMENT.

I BEGIN through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord,  
I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full of rest,  
Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord.  
As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast  
I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King ;  
For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,  
And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring  
Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of a star.  
On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

*A. E.*



## DONALD DUBH.

“ Donald Dubh ! Donald Dubh ! ” Ah ! for pity’s sake  
Cry no more upon his name, lest my heart should break,  
Listen !—“ Donald ! Donald Dubh ! ”—how the curlews call,  
Winging low upon the moor where the shadows fall.

“ Donald Dubh ! Donald Dubh ! ”—Cold and stark his clay,  
Cold the earth lies on his breast, where my kisses lay.  
I have sought you, Donald Dubh, over hill and plain,  
And I find you here, at last, in the wind and rain.

Donald Dubh, Donald Dubh, I have wandered wide,  
Weary now I lay me down at your lone grave side.  
Out upon the windy moor, by the sobbing sea,  
Where you’re sleeping, Donald Dubh, is there room for me ?

*Lina Marston.*



# The Green Sheaf



AUDAX IN RECTO.



# The Green Sheaf

## A BALLAD OF A NIGHT REFUGE.

(To MAXIM GORKY.)

NIGHT after night, below the street,  
We sank into the dark ;  
A company of wretched souls,  
Bearing one fearful mark—  
The sign of the ashes and the dust  
That choke the heavenly spark.

And those of us who rose at morn,  
And crept into the light,  
Were dazed and angered by the world—  
Better the impure night,  
When clouds of smoke and brandy fumes  
Deadened our anguished sight ;

And through the gloom distorted shapes  
Wrangled and cursed and cried,  
Or, with gross jest and devilish sneer,  
Called on the Christ who died ;  
While all the time their wretched state  
Did their poor vice deride.

Creatures that once were men, we loathed  
To look upon the sun—  
The sun's no friend to sores and dirt ;  
Our rags of gray and dun  
Took on some grace in that foul place  
Where night and day are one . . .

Those at the bottom have their pride,  
Those at the bottom know  
That nimble air and sunshine fair  
Abhor the sons of woe.  
And those who from the darkness come  
Must back to darkness go.

Down to our sordid deeps one night  
A tramp, a stranger came ;  
He slipped upon the rotting steps—  
He happened to be lame—  
And fell headlong—we yelled with mirth ;  
A cripple is fair game !

And he laughed too, but now the sound  
Was that you hear above,  
When lovers dance to violins,  
And laugh because they love.  
In dull surprise, with drink-dimmed eyes  
We stared—not one could move.

He seemed as wretched as we all,  
The bottom his right place,  
Yet he was gay as June and Day,  
Like the blue sky his face ;  
His glance was clear as one who sees  
Horizons far in space.





*Mrs. Stirling—from an original Drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.  
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He said that he had tramped the roads,  
The roads that have no end,  
Until his feet were past the power  
Of God or man to mend ;  
Nor could he find, he said, a king,  
With a prancing horse to lend !

Like rain upon our sullen souls  
His gentle story fell—  
Thief, baron, actor, anarchist  
Sat quiet beneath his spell—  
Quiet as those souls in pain when Christ  
Descended into hell.

Nor did you hear or flout or jeer,  
Or ribald laugh upraised ;  
“What you believe, that alone is,”  
He cried—we sat amazed,  
While he described the righteous land,  
And rapt before him gazed.

“’Tis far from men who sow and reap,  
This dear, this righteous land ;  
It is not marked on any map,  
No ship has touched its strand :  
Yet can I show its beauty now,  
Its wealth ye may command.

“We do not dream—a heavenly stream,  
Where drunkards drink, and straight  
Their wasted years are given back,  
Once more they’re at the gate  
Of hope, of fame—once more their name  
Burns on the angels’ slate.

“A robe of white, a seamless robe  
Worn once, makes bodies fair  
That here were spoiled by dirt and lust—  
The body’s leprous snare :  
As light as ghosts, as sweet as flowers,  
They walk in beauty there.

“In righteous land there are no laws,  
No prisons, and no gold ;  
No kings—our crowns are broken hearts—  
Good is not bought and sold ;  
But men all learn to love and give,  
Then all their life is told.”

Pale as the moon-white hosts of death,  
They rose up from the ground—  
Thieves, fallen women, slaves of drink,  
They moved as in a swoond,  
They moved as though to hidden flutes—  
Slowly they gathered round.

And gazed in his enraptured eyes ;  
Then, turning, left him there ;  
Without a word, the ghastly herd  
Climbed to the upper air.  
On ramparts dim of highest heaven,  
The golden trumpets blare . . .

The Baron smiled his mystic smile,  
Held up his thin white hand :  
“With lie divine you catch the weak  
They seek your Righteous Land,  
And find Asylums, Prisons, Homes,  
Rescue—best Christian brand.

“Feed them with lies, for lies bring dreams,  
And flaming reveries ;  
But so you may not feed the strong,  
Who read with bitter eyes  
The brutal truth, and lose the wings  
That bear to Paradise.”

... And now was hurled from the outer world  
A sudden blast of noise,  
Four men in black, all spick and span,  
With lamps and steely toys,  
Came over the rim of the cellar dim—  
.. A savage “All right, boys”—



# The Green Sheaf

A sickening clap of an iron trap,  
The jingling of a chain,  
That lame, frail man is prisoned fast  
By four men, strong and sane.  
Four men must bind his delicate hands,  
And give his body pain.

In his jacket strait, he is dragged away—  
He draws a shuddering breath—  
Like worlds on fire his lonely eyes—  
As with gasping sigh, he saith :—  
“The weak have faith, the weak have dreams...  
The strong have only death !”

PETERSBURG, 19—

*Christopher St. John.*



## A PAGAN RHYME.

THE big men of the city  
They walk her streets with ease,  
And rule her men like gentlemen  
Careless whether they please—  
And if they sin 'tis licensed sin  
By their own law allowed—  
*Give me to be an outsider  
One of the crowd.*

The ladies of the city  
They drive adown her ways—  
(Armed scornful 'gainst all glances  
And heedless of men's praise—  
Snow white for show to the city)—  
Cry not their loves aloud—  
*Give me to love an outsider  
One of the crowd.*

These princes of society,  
The narrow ring inside—  
Without there beats the fighting world  
A cramped but happy tide—  
Bound all their little laws to keep,  
Of high position proud—  
*Give me for friend an outsider  
One of the crowd.*

Give me to live beyond the pale  
Not covetous of wealth—  
Give me to keep the laws of life  
And a strong law for myself—  
Give me to love the hearts of men  
And scorn the outward dress—  
*Give me to be an outsider  
Nothing less.*

*Herbert Shaw.*



# The Green Sheaf

## CORNELION AND AMETHYST.

THERE was once a shepherd youth called Cornelion. He was wont to tend his flock and pipe all day upon an oaten reed in a field bedecked with poppies and white daisies. His loins were clad in a rugged sheep skin, and his bronzed limbs shone red-brown in the sunset. A wide brimmed hat was on his bright red towzled hair, shading his features—transparent in their beauty—and into leathern sandals were thrust his naked feet.

One day a maiden came among the poppies. She was very fair to see, her eyes were like two violets in Spring, and Cornelion named her Amethyst, because the garment girded round her body was deep in colour like that precious stone.

Now it came about that Cornelion took Amethyst in his arms, so that his brown limbs mingled with her fair flesh, and her hair tumbled all about his face like a bounteous aureole. Then did Cornelion kiss Amethyst, because he loved her, just as the sun was setting like a golden orange in a bowl of blue and all the daisies looked like stars in hell.

. . . . .

Amethyst hung her head in sorrow. The lustre had gone out of her eyes, her hair was dead, and the depth had faded from her raiment.

One day Cornelion came again.

“I want my child,” he said.

“No child of thine, false shepherd!”

“Come, come, my Amethyst, forget the past.”

“Then teach me to forget myself.”

“I do repent me and am come to make amends. Let me have the child and I will make a shepherd of him.”

“Must I suffer more, then?”

“For his sake—perhaps. How can you do for him so well as I do purpose? You cannot teach him how to tend the ewes at lambing time.”

Amethyst raised her tearful face, “I can if sorrow is the way.”

“My perfect jewel, I too can sorrow teach.”



# The Green Sheaf

“ Then let the child decide. Come here, my little Born-of-sorrow. Wouldst rather go and be a shepherd with Cornelion or stay with me as heretofore ? ”

Born-of-sorrow looked up with anxious eyes from Amethyst to the well-built brawny shepherd, then back again to all he knew of love.

At last : “ I want you both ! ”

Then nymph and shepherd with a joyful throb took each a chubby hand and played once more upon the oaten pipe.

*E. Harcourt Williams.*





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